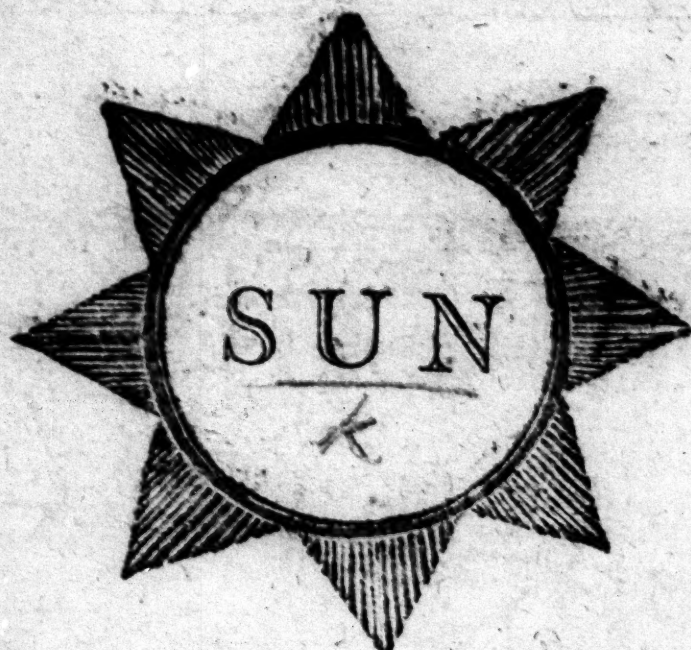


The Last Speech

AND DYING WORDS

With the Birth, Parentage, Education, Life, Character and Behaviour, of that Notorious and Flagitious *British Impostor*, known by the Nickname of the



Lucus à non Lucendo.

Who was Burnt at the Stake, by the Hands of the Common Hangman,
IN COLLEGE-GREEN, DUBLIN,

On Monday, the 11th of February, 1799;

For perpetrating a False, Slanderous and Daring Attack upon the

HOUSE OF COMMONS OF IRELAND,

Who rescued their Country from a project more odious---than the deadly
Plot of *Titus Oates*---namely the treacherous measure of an

UNION.

“GOOD PEOPLE,

I WAS born in Westminster, the reputed bantling of a Disbanded Officer and a Bankrupt Printer, and deriving with the *Muse of Grub-Street*;—but am really the joint Offspring of the noted *PITT* and his brother in—quity *SAWNEY DUNDAS*,—begotten upon an old *Punk* well known in the Purlieus of St. Stephens's Chapel, Westminster, called *MOTHER CORRUPTION*. From my earliest infancy I have been taught by my *hopeful* Parents to pervert Truth—to mistake Facts—to extol Political Profligacy and Corruption, and to ridicule, slander, vilify and run down every virtuous Character and Principle that could exalt or dignify Individuals, Communities or Nation; and by extolling—panegyricizing and vindicating every Miscreant whose principles and exertions were uniformly or even accidentally devoted to the support of *M*—Corruption, and the annihilation of political justice and national Freedom, I have prostituted the sacred Name of the British Constitution, to cloak the most violent outrages on British Liberty. I have prophaned the sacred Name of Religion, to vindicate the most wanton and flagitious Systems of Injustice—of profligacy—of Plunder—of Outrage—of Murder. I have directed the most false, wanton, and daring Libels against the Conduct—the Motives, and the fair Fame of the *GREATEST CHARACTERS* that ever embellished the History of the British Empire, or of Europe. I have, under the specious mask of authentic Truth, and *sanctified* Loyalty, deceived the People of England—and abetted the Schemes of those who have misled their Judgments, and misinformed their Minds, in order to plunder their Property—abridge their Liberty—and lavish their Blood. In short, having dashed through every Crime forbidden by the Decalogue—and rioted in the corrupt Fruits of a profligate Existence—I at last stumbled upon the Dignity of the

IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS

whose Character I have attempted to assassinate—whose Wisdom I have libelled—and whose Conduct I have most basely belied, in the face of Europe—and who have justly doomed me to this ignominious Fate.—I die, therefore, resigned, but assured of general detestation and contempt—and I warn the political Accomplices of my guilt, and imitators of my fallacies, in this Country, to take example by the untimely Fate, in which they have so long deserved to precede me. I warn those *corrupt* and *flagitious Journals*, whose Owners pocket the pay of my Master's Deputies, for vilifying the characters and justifying the wrongs of the Irish People—and who divide the plunder of that People as the reward of their perfidy—to profit by my present ignominious example. I warn the corrupt Orators—and Scribblers—who basely subject themselves to the detestation and contempt of the very Men whose pay they accept, for perpetrating the foulest Treasons against the Rights and Interests of their Country, to stop their base career—and repent in time, lest they follow, ere long, my Fate—and like me, set beneath the horizon of perpetual infamy, to rise no more.”

So saying, the faggots were applied to this unhappy Miscreant.—He expired amidst the hisses and groans of an indignant People—and his ashes were quickly dispersed by the winds of Heaven—but not before a *Castle Prometheus* had lighted a match in his expiring embers—wherewith to vivify the *clay-cold form* which he had shaped into the fashion of a leading Statesman—and prematurely exhibited the unfinished figure in the *National Pantheon*.

The *CASTLE JOURNALS*; *Mr. C*—*KE'S PAMPHLET*, *Dr. D*—*'S LETTER TO MR. GRATTAN*—and even *Mr. PITT'S last speech* on the Union smartly dressed in *blue pamphlet paper*, had the effrontery to appear at this *Auto de F.*—unmoved by *fellow-feelings*, and betraying the most hardened indifference to the *commemorative* fate of their *accomplice*—while they repeated, with stupid exultation, the prophetic sentence of the Latin Poet, towards their *PATRONS and PAYMASTERS*.—“*Quos Deus Vult perdere, prius dementat.*”—*HOR.*

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